

## Renowned Robin Hood: Or,

His famous Archery truly related: with the worthy exploits he acted before Queen Katherine, he being an Out-law man, and how she for the same obtained of the King, his owne, and his fellowes pardon. To a new tune.



**G**Old fane from the Kings Harbengers,  
downe a downe a downe,  
as selborne hath beere seene,  
downe a downe a downe,  
And carried by bold Robin Hood,  
for a present to the Queene,  
downe a downe a downe.

If that I live a yeare to an end,  
thus can Queene Katherine say:  
Bold Robin Hood, I will be thy friend,  
and all thy Peomen gay.

The Queene is to her Chamber gone,  
as fast as shee can wien,  
she calls unto her lovely Page,  
his name was Richard Pattrington.

Come hither to me thou lovely Page,  
come thou hither to mee,  
For thou must goe to Nottingham  
as fast as thou can see.

And as thou goest to Nottingham,  
search all those English wood,  
Enquire of one good Peoman or another,  
that can tell thee of Robin Hood.

Sometimes hee went, sometimes hee ran,  
as fast as hee could win,  
And when hee came at Nottingham,  
there hee tooke up his Inn.

And when hee came at Nottingham,  
and had tooke up his Inn,  
Hee calls for a Bottle of Rhenish wine,  
and dranke a health to his Queene.

There sat a Peoman by his side,  
told me sweet Page said hee,  
What is thy businesse, or the cause  
to far in this North Countrey.

This is my businesse and the cause,  
say, Hee tell it you for good,  
To enquire of one good Peoman or another  
to tell me of Robin Hood.

Hee get my horse betime in the morne,  
be it hee breakes of day,  
And I will show thee bold Robin Hood,  
and all his Peomen gay.

When that hee came at Robin Hoods place,  
hee fell downe on his knee,  
Queene Katherine shee doth greet you well,  
she greets you well by me.

Shee bids you goe to faire London Court,  
not fearing any thing,  
For there shall be a little sport,  
and shee hath sent you her King.

Robin tooke his mantle from his backe,  
it was of the Lincoln greene,  
And sent that by this lovely Page,  
for a present unto the Queene.

In Summer time when leaves grow graine,  
it is a seemely sight to see  
How Robin Hood himselfe had dwell,  
and all his Peomen gay.

Hee clothed his men in Lincoln greene,  
and himselfe in Scarlet Red,  
Blacke hats, white feathers, all alike  
now bold Robin Hood is led.

And when hee came at Londons Court,  
hee fell downe on his knee,  
Thou art welcoms Locksly, said the Queene,  
and all thy good Peomen thre.

The King is into Fensbury field  
marching in battie ray,  
And after fellows bold Robin Hood,  
and all his Peomen gay.

Come hither Tepps (said the King),  
downe a downe a downe,  
how braver after me,

downe a downe a downe,  
Come measure mount with this line,  
how long our marche shall be,  
downe a downe a downe.

26. 6. 28. 30.



## To second part,

## To the same tune.

**VV**hat is the wager said the Queene,  
that must I now know here:  
Thre hundred Tun of Rhenish wine,  
thre hundred Can of Beere.

Thre hundred of the fattest Harts  
that ran on Dallom Lee.  
That's a princely wager said the King,  
that needs must I tell thee.

With that bespake one Clifton then,  
downe a downe a downe,  
fall quickly and full soone,  
downe a downe a downe,  
Peasure no markes for vs most Soueraigne  
we'l shoot at Sun and Moone. (liege,  
downe a downe a downe.

Full fiftene score your marke shall be,  
full fiftene score shall stand:  
He lay my bow said Clifton then,  
He cleave the Willow wand.

With that the Kings Archer led about,  
while it was thre and none:  
With that the Ladies began to shout,  
Adam your game is gone.

A boone, a boone, Queene Katherine cries,  
I craue on my bare knee:  
Is there any knight of your pryng counsell,  
of Queene Katharines part will be?

Come hither to mee Sir Richard Lee,  
thou art a knight full good,  
For I doe know by thy pedigree,  
thou sprungst from Gowers blood.

Come hither to me thou Bishop of Hereford-  
for a noble Priest was hee: (shire,  
By my sister Spiter said the Bishop then,  
He not bet one peny.

The King hath Archers of his owne,  
full ready and full light:  
And these be strangers every one,  
no man knowes what they bight.

What wilt thou bet said Robin Hood,  
thou seest our game the worse:  
By my sister Spiter said the Bishop then,  
all my money within my Purse.

What is in thy Purse said Robin Hood,  
throw it downe on the ground,  
Fiften score nobles said the Bishop then,  
it's neere an hundred pound.

Robin Hood tooke his bagge from his side,  
and threw it downe on the grasse,  
William Scadlock went smiling away,  
I knowe who this money must win.

With that the Kings Archers led about,  
while it was thre and thre,  
With that the Ladies gave a shout,  
Woodcock beware thy nee.

It is thre and thre. Now said the King,  
the next thre pay for all:  
Robin Hood went and whisper'd to the Queen  
the Kings part shall be but small.

Robin Hood bes lea about,  
hee shot it under hand:  
And Clifton with a baring Arrow,  
hee cleave the Willow wand.

And little Midge the millers son,  
hee shot not much the worse,  
He shot within a finger of the prick,  
now Bishop beware thy purse.

A boone, a boone, Queene Katherine cries,  
I craue that on my bare knee,  
That you will angry be with none  
that is of my partie.

They shall have forty daies to come,  
and forty daies to goe,  
And thre times forty to sport and play,  
then welcome friend or foe.

Then thou art welcome Robin Hood said the  
and so is little John, (Queene,  
So is Midge the Millers son,  
thrice welcome every one.

Is this Robin Hood now said the King:  
for it was so told to mee,  
That hee was haine in Pallace gates,  
to far in the North Country.

Is this Robin Hood said the Bishop then,  
as I see well to be:  
Had I knowne that had been that bold out-lawe  
I would not bet one peny.

He tooke mee late one Saturday at night,  
and bound mee fast to a tree,  
And made me sing a masse, God wot,  
to him and his Deemen thre.

What an if I did saies Robin Hood,  
of that masse I was faine,  
For recompence to thee hee saies,  
here's halfe thy gold againe.

Now nay, now nay, saies little John,  
downe a downe a downe,  
matter that shall not be,  
downe a downe a downe,  
Wee must give gifts to the Kings Officers,  
that gold will serue thee and mee.  
downe a downe a downe.

Printed at London for Francis Grove.

FINIS